

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
SMILEY J. BROWN,
THE SOUTH IREDELL SWINDLER.

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BY HIS BIOGRAPHER, S. L. DIXON.
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Harsh language we do seldom use,
Nor any fellowman abuse;
But some there are so base and mean,
Their guilty deeds we should not screen.

One Scripture passage we define
To cast no pearls before the swine;
Another passage should be true,
To give to Cæsar what is due.

The name of Smiley Jetson Brown,
A useful canine should not own;
No man, we think, that dog would keep,
For fear that it would kill his sheep.

The people of south Iredell
All know the noted swindler well,
And think it is a sad disgrace
That he with them should have a place.

In everything he is effete,
And studies nothing but to cheat;
His mind is but a filthy den
With thoughts to cheat his fellowmen.

He always wears a smiling face,
As if his heart did have some grace;
With base deceit his heart is full
And is a wolf that wears the wool.

If I were sent to seek the worst
Of those I thought by heaven cursed,
On whom old Satan too would frown,
I sure would seize old Smiley Brown.

Of all the scoundrels here below
 He is the meanest one I know ;
 To pay his debts he never tries,
 And all his promises are lies.

Where is a man he would not cheat
 To get the bread that he would eat ?
 And he would steal, if he had need,
 A widow and an orphan's bread.

Two forged notes he once did own,
 Drawn on his brother, William Brown,
 And quickly he did run away ;
 It was not healthy here to stay.

He once did forge, we understand,
 A deed to Patsy Bostan's land ;
 And she was a poor widow too,
 Which shows what Smiley Brown will do.

And everything she else did own
 Was forged and willed to Smiley Brown.
 Is there a robber in the land
 With evil deeds could equal stand ?

Again, he sold some patent churns,
 And got the pay and soon returns
 And takes them back for churns improved ;
 But back with churns he never moved.

He once a postal bond did fill
 For a P. M. at Enochville,
 And signed Ben Parker's name thereon
 And sent it up to Washington.

The P. M. then at Edmistonville,
 A postal bond like his did fill ;
 On it Ben Parker wrote his name,
 And both went honest all the same.

At Washington they plain could see
 The signatures did not agree ;
 An expert brought them back again
 And soon old Smiley did arraign.

He soon did beg most piteously
 To some great men for help, you see ;
 To them it is a lasting shame
 To give this forger a good name.

A widow's pension once he got
 And he to pay her had no thought;
 The only pay that she did see
 Was a notice of bankruptcy.

A preacher, too, he did defeat,
 In those fine boots to fit his feet;
 The preacher felt a little late
 About that good certificate.

For when to Conference he goes,
 He had to wear his best old shoes;
 We know that Smiley often laughed,
 To think the preacher was so "saft."

He oft has cheated his old dame;
 He cheated her to change her name;
 And thought that it would him become,
 To cheat her out of house and home.

To tell you of each crook and hook,
 It now would make a wondrous book;
 But those I take are not the worst,
 So put them in my volume first.

He has two wives; one is his shuge;
 The other is his whiskey jug;
 And from its mouth he pleasure sips,
 And takes two gills to wet his lips.

Here lately when he went to court,
 Alas! for him it was no sport.
 Our country's laws he did not fear
 Till Hedrick got him by the ear.

I now will give a brief report
 What did occur to him at court;
 He soon did find that brick hotel
 That Joyner keeps for Iredell.

Here Mr. Joyner let him know
 There was no room for him below;
 That he must take a room up stairs
 Where Brown did find no bed or chairs.

"Now, Mr. Joyner, if you please,
 Give me a bed to take my ease;
 I am a man of high renown;
 My name is Smiley Jetson Brown."

"I know you are a man of fame,
And I will treat you all the same;
I always treat my patrons well
And you can take that empty cell."

The old jail blanket down he spread
And put his coat beneath his head;
His prayer he said the words were thus:
"O, Lord, do please old Hedrick cuss.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
These strong brick walls me safe will keep;
If one should die before I wake
Instead of me old Hedrick take."

He first did dream of his old shuge,
And then of his old whiskey jug;
Then next of chinchies, fleas and flies,
And then awoke in sad surprise.

"Those iron sash that there I see,
They very strangely look to me;
And there is that big iron door,
Hook dod I never saw before.

"And here I am, without a doubt,
And not a friend to help me out;
But I my honor all will bet
That I will cheat old Hedrick yet.

"Old Hedrick is right sharp, I know,
But Smiley Brown knows something too;
On his own land I will get out,
Hoo dod I know what I'm about."

He here got out the first of June,
For here John jailed the coon;
The next hotel that he will see
Will be the Penitentiary.